

THE AGITATOR

A SEMI-MONTHLY ADVOCATE OF THE MODERN SCHOOL, INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM, INDIVIDUAL FREEDOM

VOL. 2, NO. 5

HOME, [LAKEBAY P. O.] WASH., JAN. 15, 1912.

WHOLE NO. 29

The Passing Show

The Editor Found Guilty.

"Guilty as charged in the complaint" was the verdict of the jury that tried me in the superior court at Tacoma, Wash., for the heinous offense of "publishing matter tending to create disrespect for the law."

The prosecution introduced "Anarchy" into the case, and played it up to the limit. One would have thought at times that Anarchy and Home Colony were on trial. That was the game of the tricky prosecution. They dared not try the case on its merits. They dared not meet Anderson and me on the question at issue, which was the right of Free Press, before the jury; a jury that, by its general ignorance of the subject, would have been favorable to them from the start.

No, these noble lawyers preferred to wallow in the mire of prejudice and misrepresentation.

But they won, and to some men success is everything, the means nothing.

In this case there were two very unusual occurrences: The prisoner addressed the jury in his own behalf, and the crowded court room once burst into applause, when Col. Anderson told the jury the reason why the prosecuting attorney don't go after the daily papers for the articles they publish tending to create disrespect for law was "because there is too much power, too many votes behind them."

According to the law, the penalty goes as high as a year in jail. But the case will be appealed. As we go to press the judge had not pronounced sentence. A more complete report of the case will appear in next issue.

Industrialism vs. Parliamentaryism.

Ramsay McDonald, chairman of the English Labor Party, has made a "brilliant" attack upon Syndicalism, and the General Strike.

This is the labor "leader" who attended the coronation banquet in regulation uniform, and, with the other lackies and lick spittles, brayed his allegiance to the new king. After showing the impracticability of the whole scheme, and how everything is going to turn out to the utter annihilation of the Syndicalists, he proceeds to inform the readers of the "Socialist Review" that "the new revolution advocated by the Syndicalists and the I. W. W. is a mere escapade of the nursery mind. It is the product of the creative intelligence of the man who is impatient because it takes the earth 24 hours to wheel round."

The foremost thinkers of Europe and America, the men who have led the march of social progress for the last quarter of a century, the mass of the intelligent workmen of France, Italy, Spain, and a large portion of the workers of the other countries of Europe and America are "nurslings," impatient babies, bawling for the moon, in the opinion of the great Ramsay, whose principle work in the cause of labor has been to eat out of the king's hand.

Of course such smart mouthings are ridiculous, and would be beneath serious notice, were they not read by a number of honest workers, who have more or less trust in this new brand of politician, and who, in their simple honesty, are liable to believe, without further thought or investigation, the catchy worded, ready-made opinions handed down from the chairman.

Why do men of this type turn their taps of

vituperation on Syndicalism? Why are they so anxious to explain it away, and keep the workers from embracing it? Let Ramsay answer:

"The hospitality which the Socialist movement has offered so generously to all kinds of cranks and scoundrels because they professed to be in revolt against the existing order has already done our movement much harm. Let it not add Syndicalism to the already too numerous vipers which, in the kindness of its heart, it is warming on its hearstone."

"It does the movement harm," does it, Ramsay? And, incidentally, it endangers your good job as M. P. and the prospect of a cabinet officer later, when the "movement" gets rid of all the revolutionary rif-raf and elevates itself to the heights of respectability which will merit such a reward for its leader. You have no need to be impatient about the coming of the Social Revolution. You can wait and even thrive while waiting. But we "nurslings," and vipers" cannot wait. Millions of us are without the means of life. Millions on the verge of starvation, millions at dangerous, ill-paid drudgery. We cannot wait. **We will not wait.**

We will dig right down to the root of the capitalistic tree. We have learned how to clear the earth of its corruption. Too long have we gone round with the pruning hook, lopping off branches, while the trunk was growing stronger. Too long have we followed the lead of the trimmers and grafters.

Nor do we want any aid or comfort from political skates. Let them fire their adjectives at us. The harder the names the more pain we will know they are in.

Industrialism is the greatest movement the world has ever known. It will sweep the earth so clean of its parasites, with a hurricane of solidarity, that there won't be a root or stem of the venomous breed left, and the petty little peacock socialist laborites who mount their seats in the capitalist parliaments and cry "viper" will be carried away in the storm.

An Inquirer Answered.

No, the Aberdeen fight has not been lost, and the turning of their tactics upon themselves has not shown the Industrialists the futility of that kind of warfare. As a matter of fact, the police always apply direct action. To lock men in prison is as direct an action as to drive them from the city. So I don't see where this "turning of tactics" comes in. The change of tactics was not expected, and there are geographical difficulties that make it hard to meet the change. But the fight has not been given up. It has really not begun yet. Altho the merchant-police are beginning to squeal about loss of business. They have been marked for the boycott, and it is being applied. Every self-respecting working man in the city resents the outrageous attack on Free Speech, and the murderous assault on the men who dared to uphold it. Still the fight has hardly begun. These I. W. W. fellows don't give up a fight till they're licked; and they have not been licked yet.

The fight for free speech in Aberdeen is practically won. The Bourgeoisie is weakening, and the presence of 150 agitators in the town at this time is going to effect its downfall in a hurry, and before this answer reaches your eye, Mr. Question Mark, you may have learned through other sources that the streets of Aberdeen are again open to the soap boxer, for the free expression of his opinions.

Ten men were arrested the other night, and discharged next morning. The leaders of the pick handle brigade asked for a conference with the I. W. W. at which they requested a truce of three days "in order to consider methods of agreement." Does that look like failure?

The Slaughter of the Helpless.

In a mine disaster in Braceville, Tenn., over a hundred men lost their lives. Yet we hear no bloody howls for the death of capitalists into whose benevolent keeping the Almighty has placed these mines, altho it is common knowledge that the explosion which killed them was caused by criminal neglect on the part of those capitalists, whose inhuman greed for gold outweighed every thot for the protection of the lives of the miners.

Just ordinary human feelings ought to prompt the mine owners to apply safety devices in the mines. But they are devoid of those human feelings which are the common gift of common humanity.

If the mine owners were compelled to work in the mines we would have no mine disasters.

The Braceville miners were powerless to compel proper protection for their lives. Their union was broken up by the rapacious owners some time ago. Thus they were reduced to a helpless dependence upon the heartless owner, who have less consideration for them than for any other of the tools with which to glut their ravenous appetites for gold. For every tool except the human tool costs money.

The human machine is the cheapest thing on earth. It is dirt free. Therefore, why shud the users of this machine spend good money providing protection for it? The mine owners of America are logical if not human. They kill more miners than all the rest of the world combined.

In 1907 the figures for Colorado reached the appalling height of 21 to every 1,000. In 29 years 30,000 miners have been killed in the U. S. I should have said: "Industrially murdered," for that would be a more correct statement of the terrible fact.

During this period an army of 80,000 miners were seriously injured.

Isn't it strange the newspapers are not raving about this slaughter of the helpless?

It all depends on who the butchers are, dear reader.

When Murder Was Not Murder.

"Not Guilty" is the verdict in the case of the proprietors of the Triangle shirt factory, charged with causing the death of 146 working people. No one with any knowledge of things as they are expected otherwise than the acquittal of these capitalists.

The people know that those factory slaves were killed by the greed and rapacity of the "owners," who took no heed of either the law of the land or of humanity. Their machinery and stock was covered by insurance. The slaves cost nothing, so no provision was made for their protection.

Money is mightier than the law. Its influence is greater than justice, whom it leads around by the hand. It makes a mockery of all our fine spun theories about equality, etc.

Murder may be murder in theory, but the money bag has proven that the ghastliest wholesale butchery is not even disrespectful when perpetrated by the ruling class.

JAY FOX. 4

THE AGITATOR

Issued twice a month, on the first and fifteenth, by THE AGITATOR Publishing Association from its printing office in Home, Wash.

Entered at the postoffice at Lakebay, Wash., as Second Class Matter

Subscription, One Dollar a Year.
Two copies to one address \$1.50.

Address all communications and make all money orders payable to THE AGITATOR, Lakebay, Wash.

Articles for publication should be written LEGIBLY on one side of the paper only.

THE AGITATOR does not bear the union stamp because it is not printed for profit. But it is union, every letter of it. It is printed and published by unionists and their friends for the economic and political education of themselves and their fellow toilers. Much of the labor is given free. On the whole it is a work of love—the love of the idea, of a world fit for the free.

**Whatever really useful thing government does
for men they could do for themselves if there was
no government**

THE McNAMARA STORM.

The psychologic storm provoked by the admission of guilt on the part of the McNamara brothers has set all manner of human nature dancing naked in the limelight,—and for the most part it has been a very sorry exhibition, though some expressions have come from quarters least expected, revealing qualities higher than I supposed resided there. I take pleasure in recognizing this in the case of two men, on whom as public characters, or rather on their public work, I have set no very great value. For years I have regarded John Mitchell as a timid conservative and a weakling; but in this crisis he has spoken as a human being,—oh, with so much more humanity than Socialist Congressman Berger, who wants “the limit of the law,” or that insect-man, the Socialist Mayor of Butte, who added his voice to the mob yelling “coward.” Asked to pronounce himself as to the punishment due the McNamaras, John Mitchell answered with gentle, I may say Christian, dignity: “I have nothing to say about their punishment; it is not for me to punish.”

The other man is Morris Hillquit, a Socialist of the most legal variety, opposed to terrorism in all its forms. Yet in the very article opposing it, Hillquit says: “I am not at all inclined to join in the general chorus of indignation against them, or in the savage demands for their blood. I know they are victims of the class war, just as much as the men who perished by their crime.”

In the midst of the foaming, raging cry of “Hang, hang! Not high enough, nor quick enough! Limit of the Law,” and all the rest of the ferocity with which men of capital and men of labor are disgracing themselves, those two have maintained their humanity—John Mitchell and Morris Hillquit—and to their everlasting honor!

As to Samuel Gompers, the reports have been so confusing, and his charges of misquotation have been so vehement, that it is impossible for me to form an estimate of his attitude; in one report, he is quoted as saying: “I am not a hound, I am not a hound; I do not seek human life in punishment for any crime.” So that at least relieves him from blood-thirst; and as to other unworthy utterances attributed to him, I prefer to give him the benefit of the doubt, since he says he has been misrepresented.

But the voice that sounded with the thrill of an Evangel was the voice of Lincoln Steffens, in his article of December 4th—a voice drowned it is true from every side with sneer and blame and misunderstanding. And indeed it was very naive of him to think that the judge, the prosecuting attorney and their owners, the capitalists, could be capable of that great act of moral generosity he seems to have expected from them, that they could be touched by any higher motive than the preservation of municipal loaves and fishes, than “wisdom and the saving of money,” than the miserable motive of keeping men alive rather than hanging them, in order to torture confessions out of them; very naive to think he could help to stop the war between capital and labor. Oh, very naive, indeed; but none the less splendid for that!

To come to the consideration of the thing itself, I reiterate what I said a week ago: “The main question this case puts to the world for its answer is, What are the causes which make men of good feelings, kindly and sympathetic men, as those who

know them say these brothers are—as Clarence Darrow says they are, as Lincoln Steffens says they are—what are the causes which make men like these come to the conclusion that destructive attacks upon property (personally I do not believe they ever meant to take any one's life) are justifiable, are the only means by which workingmen can better their conditions here and now?”

This is the question the Times victims died to put before the world, the question whose discussion the McNamara brothers are burying from it with years of prison life.

I am aware that any number of theories are current. I know that some persons have jumped to the conclusion that these men were not really union men at all, but merely agents in the employ of a concern, or concerns, rivaling the National Erectors' Association; that the thousands of dollars which it is assumed (quite without any definite knowledge) were spent in committing acts of violence by these two men, were furnished by capitalists at war with each other.

I admit that this may be possible.

On the other hand, I am aware there is a newspaper theory, possibly a government theory, that there was a bloodthirsty conspiracy by all the heads of union labor, etc., etc.

I admit that this may be possible.

But with all respect to the people whose minds must work in devious ways to discover a crooked path over which events may have proceeded, my own opinion is that while those theories are possible they are extremely improbable.

The socialistic press, in accordance with an old-time policy of putting the blame on the enemy, and especially the Appeal to Reason, notably through Eugene Debs and one of its ridiculous figures, Mr. George Shoaf, who worked up a faked disappearance last summer to the disgust of every sensible reader, put forward the notion that General Otis had blown up his own building. And while I thought that was a bare possibility, it sounded the height of improbability to me. And so do these other theories.

I have never been a member of a union, because my occupation is one which doesn't call for it. I have often regretted it; but this week I have been glad,—glad my voice was my own and free, owing no allegiance to any association whose interests would be my gag. For all that I have no inside knowledge, however, I judge from outside observation of them that certain elements of human nature work in them precisely as they do in all associations.

Human nature in general is very quick to let some one else stand in the breach. Most people believe in force; all governmentals do. It's only a question of applying it. Unionists believe in force, non-unionists believe in force, scabs believe in force, capitalists believe in force, judges and hangmen believe in force, ministers of the gospel believe in force, Socialists believe in force, and a good many Anarchists believe in force. Furthermore, they believe in force used successfully. But not all of these, not anything like all of these want to use force themselves; they want some one else to use it for them; they are charmed when it is used successfully; but when it fails, they are horrified! and terrified! And they lift up their voices on high, howling, Vae Victis, Vae Victis!

Now I think that people in unions, as out of them, are very ready to let active and able people fight their battles for them, without inquiring very much about how it's done. I don't suppose it ever came into many of the ironworkers' heads to consider the work of the officers at all. They paid their dues, elected representatives because they thought them able, and thought no more about it. But these men who were able, why had they come to the conclusion that they must fight in such a way?

I have tried to think it out, and I have concluded so: These were men who were familiar with the lives of ironworkers. They were not like those of us who sit in houses, and work over ledgers, or library shelves, or cloth, or cookery, who cry over a burnt finger or a sprained joint, who know little or nothing of the risks of mining, machine-shops, steel manufacture and structural work. Those who work at such employment, or mix constantly with those who do, acquire a recklessness toward life, which is the spiritual toll humanity must pay for the iron triumphs of its iron civilization.

I understand that the average life of a structural ironworker at his trade is ten years. Try to understand what that means,—the fallen, the crushed, the

mangled, the maimed and lamed, the highway outcasts, the poorhouse remnants,—the Dead. Try to understand what feeling that engenders in the breast of him who lives with it, sees it, feels it.

And then, putting aside all the spy theories for the moment, put this to yourself as one of the possible explanations. Put it to yourself that you are one who saw all these murders, committed by society in its utter indifference as to how it accomplishes its iron triumphs so they are accomplished; that you have the spirit of recklessness in yourself—that great, that dauntless spirit which is one of the highest qualities of human nature, that whereby it has dared and done, and hurled itself against the impossible, from the pygmy conjured the giant; put it that you considered yourself a soldier in a guerilla warfare upon a merciless devourer of human lives; that you took your own life in your hands and struck; that (as often happens in war) you overshot your mark and struck your own side; that you were caught by the enemy; that you resisted till you saw resistance was useless; both for yourself and those for whom you believed yourself to be fighting; that you opened your mouth at last and said, “Yes, I did it,”—and no more. (These men have said no more.) And then that you heard the “hang” cry going up from your own side louder than from your enemies; that you knew there were hypocrites among them who were shouting “treason,” not because you had fought but because you were caught; that to the others, the honest ones, you knew you could never, never explain; that you were going down to a living grave; to pass within the ring of stone forever, utterly, utterly un-understood! Put that to yourself as one of the possibilities of this case, and then—be silent, till you have certain knowledge to curse upon.

As for the rest, I wish that every one might read the editorial in the Chicago Daily Socialist of December 5th. It surged out of a man's heart; I like it; it gives the lie to all this hypocritical cant of the common press about the Times victims. Who cries vengeance for the criminals who killed the workers in the Cherry mine? or the Johnstown and Austin floods? or the victims of the 1907 panic, which Wharton Barker, the banker, tells us was connived in by Theodore Roosevelt? Who now are the criminals responsible for the 200 miners buried alive at this moment at Briceville? Every day they murder more, calmly and cold-bloodedly, than died in the Times disaster. And let them cease their hypocrisy. And let our people hurl back at them their own cry: “Murder is murder.” Let them understand who are the fundamental criminals, and what is the fundamental crime. Let them ask not indeed for vengeance, but the abolition of this scheme of property right for some in what belongs to us all, whereby we are brought to this horrible war, and driven to conclude that there is no way of getting any meager portion of what is ours but by violence.

VOLTAIRENE DE CLEYRE.

A MODERN SCHOOL.

This is an introduction to a series of articles in which I shall try to speak on practical school education according to two great principles which have to govern it: freedom and truth. Freedom for the child in his relations to school-fellows and teacher, freedom in his mental and bodily development, freedom of thought and to express his thoughts, freedom in his individual researches and investigations. Truth in everything. No answer given by the teacher must be untruthful, no matter what the consequences may be. There can never be an excuse for a lie in education. And in these articles I will show how the teacher, without any impropriety, could do justice to these primordial principles of education. I will consider every phase of the usual relations between child and teacher, as well as the unusual and difficult problems, which the teacher may encounter. I will endeavor to solve even those difficulties which come from the contact of the child with the outer world, with children or adults outside the school; and will also take into consideration the conflicts which sometimes arise from the comparison between reactionary principles of the home education and the advanced views of my school education.

It is understood that my teacher must reunite a number of qualities with which he is either born or which he may have gotten by a thorough self-education. He must have, besides the usual qualities required of a teacher, as love for teaching,

THE PEOPLE'S CRY

Tremble before thy chattels,
 Lords of the Scheme of Things!
 Fighters of all Earth's battles,
 Ours is the might of Kings!
 Guided by seers and sages,
 The World's heart-beat for a drum,
 Snapping the chains of ages,
 Out of the night—we come!

Lend us no ear that pities;
 Offer no almoner's hand,
 Alms for the Builders of Cities?
 When will you understand?
 Down with your boast of birth
 And your golden calves of Trade!
 A man is worth to his Mother Earth,
 All that a man has made!

We are the workers and makers!
 We are no longer dumb!
 Tremble, O Shirkers and Takers!
 Sweeping the earth—we come!
 Ranked in the world-wide dawn,
 Marching into the day!
 The night is gone and the sword is drawn,
 And the scabbard is thrown away!

—JOHN G. NEIHARDT

patience, kindness, tact, good will, etc., two other qualities which today are difficult to find, but which, with a strong will and absolute honesty, could be conquered even in our society: The teacher must be a free man, free thinking and free acting, and must be a lover of truth.

He will never consider himself as an authority for the children, he will always be their equal and friend and will never claim to have more rights than they have. He will try never to impose his views or his conclusions on them, although it must be borne in mind that this is not always possible; but whenever he gives the children an opinion of his own, he shall always give them his reasons for holding it, so that they may be duly warned and not believe blindly. He will interfere with the children's work and research as little as possible, will follow them rather than lead them, will always answer their questions and answer them at the time when asked, or, where this is possible, will look, together with them, for the answer. He will have respect for the children's personality and will always have in mind the idea that any of his conclusions, even those in which he believes the most and for which he always fights, may be wrong, and that the child, in its simple and largely unbiased way, may be right. The teacher will put aside and discard all those opinions and ideas which he has taken in during his long school years (I should prefer one who had been self-taught), and of which ideas are mere superstitions. He will revise, as it were, everything he has learned and, were he perfectly frank to himself, even the most advanced will often find that, in education, he must "burn what he has adored and adore what he has burned." He will come to his class, not with the object always to teach, but with the firm decision to be a helper and occasionally a teacher. He will never forget that the development of a character in the child, the future man, is more important than the acquirement of any knowledge. He will know that he himself can learn something from every child and that that will make his task much easier. He will have no program of studies, but will give the children that which they will be a happy man or woman, as there is no greater happiness than a true, frank and free relation, a comradeship and friendship with children.

My teacher should not have much worry outside of his class, so that he may not bring in his bad temper, his sorrows and, consequently, his impatience or distraction into the class. That is why his salary must be so high that it may cover more than his material necessities; and he well deserves it, as the real, ideal teacher for small children is more important than the professor of any of our universities.

I will imagine the class is composed of ten children, as I am convinced that it is impracticable, nay, sometimes impossible, to teach a class of more than ten or, at least, fifteen children. Their ages shall be between six and eight years, the usual school age, that is the age when they are able to help themselves in most of the bodily necessities. For smaller children there must be a different class.

My class will not be confined to the class-room

only, it will change its place as often as necessary. The street, the parks, the country round about the city, the sea-shore, the river, the shop, the factories, the museums, etc., will afford us the subjects for teaching, and so much so that the child will never know that he is being taught, because he will always feel that he is playing.

The center of my school will be in New York; that is, in a large city. I know that the country is in every way more favorable for children, and that there they would be less subject to bad influences; but we must face the difficulties with courage where they are found. We must take the child where we can get him easiest and, at the same time, not take him away from an environment in which he will have to live in later, be it ever so rough, but give him a free education in the midst of those circumstances, which he will have to know and which he may be called on later to mould and help change.

The teacher of my class will be given the opportunity to publish a little monthly bulletin, in which he will note his observations concerning the pupils, his difficulties, the more important words and stories told by the children, as well as a review of the work done during the past month. That publication will prove a great help for other teachers and parents.

Next month I shall enter into the subject and my class will be in full bloom.—B. Liber, M. D., in Ferrer Association News Letter.

VITUPERATION AND RECRIMINATIONS.

All useless, and worse, at this juncture.

Reverses and repression, faults and frailties, do not spell defeat.

They give us pause. A time of stock-taking. It's well to stand still, to get into the silences, and survey. Moses was a valiant fighter for his brick-making brethren; and drastic withal.

But his sojourn in the land of Midian was requisite to his fuller training. Having gotten that he became the victorious leader in a glorious emancipation. 'Twas in the period of "reverses and repression" that he visioned the Burning Bush, and got the inspiration that led to victory. The Bush is still burning for all who "have ears to hear, and eyes to see."

"These be the times that try men's souls." I was glad to see in a recent number of the "Christian Science Monitor," the following brave and philosophic words:

"That the most discordant conditions often mark periods of real progress and precede conditions of larger freedom and that invariably the most sanguine hopes are justifiable. The seeming power of evil wanes most when most conspicuous, while the activity of good, though little seen, is continuous and will triumph in every direction."

Further from the same source:

"There is an animus in all the affairs of men that is gradually bringing order out of chaos, establishing the brotherhood of man, and demonstrating the universal government of good."

So be it!

Right thought will produce right action. Minds are changing. Old methods and cankered customs are dying. Some parchments of the past are to be torn.

Shocks—mental, moral, physical, economic, can be turned to final beneficent ends. Adversity pruned to power: John on his Patmos Isle; Luther in the Castle of Wartburg; Mazzini, hungry, and an exile in London; Debs in Woodstock jail, all gained strength and insight for further activities.

Thomas Carlyle, in his defence of Cromwell ("Heroes and Hero-Worship") asks a pertinent question: "What would you think of calling the general of an army a dissembler because he did not tell every corporal and private soldier, who pleased to put the question, what his thoughts were about everything?"

And of Rousseau, Carlyle remarks: "He had not the 'Talent of Silence.' A man who cannot hold his peace, till the right time comes for speaking and acting, is no right man."

An old Chinese proverb puts it: "You look at an egg—and expect to hear it crow!"

Waiting is good.

So I was right glad to see William Marion Reedy get to business in his "Mirror" (December 7th) thus:

"Hysterics do not help any in the discussion of the McNamaras' plea of guilty at Los Angeles."

"The hysterics of the employing elements of the

community, as presented by the newspapers, is, however, no worse than the hysterics of the labor leaders who are denouncing Clarence Darrow, the McNamaras' lawyer, and demanding that the McNamaras be hanged. Clarence Darrow did his duty by his clients. That duty was to save their lives. When he saw that the State of California had those clients dead to rights, when he saw that there was no defense, when he saw that the friends of the accused were relying upon bribery of jurors and perjury of witnesses, he advised his clients to plead guilty. There was nothing else he could do."

"Some day, organized labor, let us hope, will come into the vision through the purification that comes through mistakes and sins and crimes, for 'the road to perfection lies through an infinitude of disgusts.' The McNamaras, therefore, may have 'wrought wiser than they knew,' in that their deeds have served to bring home to all their fellows that only through methods savoring more of love than of hatred can the world be improved, for 'love is the fulfilling of the law.'

Economic salvation for all society will be brought about by working-class solidarity. That's the Nest Evangel, the slogan of Success. Industrialism!

With George D. Herron, let us say:

"All speed 'the progress, the worth, that associates all men as common workers, to whom all leisure, all culture, all beauty and immortality belong. Then shall prevail, when this one social earth has come to be, and not till then, the peace of goodwill among men,' and from sea to sea, and continent to continent, shall be heard the paean, All's Well!"

"The time is ripe, and rotten-ripe, for change; Then let it come; I have no dread of what is called for by the instinct of mankind. Nor think I that God's world would fall apart Because we tear a parchment more or less. Truth is eternal, but her effluence, With endless change, is fitted to the hour; Her mirror is turned forward, to reflect The promise of the future, not the past."

JACK WOOD.

CRITICISM AND COMMENT.

Your paper itself is so good that I am wondering how you can print such slovenly thinking as these—from issue of July 15, second page, last column: "Politics is war and war is hell." (Debate, "the war of words," is also war, so is love. Politics is a war of ballots, a war of bullets, not of words or of confetti, is hell.)

Again: "Suffrage is not a right, it is a privilege granted by government." (If suffrage is a means of governing yourself, it is a right, otherwise not. But to vote, to say what one wants in the assembly with a view to getting it is no "privilege granted." It is one of the first steps towards communal co-operation.)

BOLTON HALL.

Comments.

I am glad of an opportunity of answering so eminent an author as Bolton Hall. The trouble with him is he has adopted a system, laid down a program, which leads him to a SURE conclusion; and he may be excused for believing any deviation from his line of thought, as "slovenly thinking." He quotes me: "Politics is war, and war is hell," and wisely assures us that "Politics is a war of ballots; a war of bullets, not of words or confetti, is hell." Very thankful for these words of wisdom, but I was speaking of a principle, applicable alike to politics and war. "The ends justify the means."

Again: "Suffrage is not a right, it is a privilege granted by government," and again he introduces something entirely foreign to the subject of my essay. Nobody supposes that "as a means of governing yourself" it can be anything but right. It would indeed be "slovenly" to contend that to vote, to say what one wants in the assembly, with a view to getting it, is a privilege granted by government. I have as sincere a respect for any "steps towards communal co-operation" as Mr. Hall or anybody else. But all this has nothing in common with Political Government—Sovereign Authority.

Here is where Mr. Hall and his class stumbles. Seeing in government only co-operation and in politics individual endeavor, when they are in fact diametrically opposed.

A. L. BALLOU.

"I care not who makes th' laws iv a nation, if I can get out an injunction"—Mr. Dooley

STUDIES IN SCARLET.

It is over a century since the worker was enfranchised and he has been laboring under the illusion ever since that he is master of his own destiny. During that period he has relied upon the vain promises of those whom he considered qualified to legislate in favor of his well-being and personal liberty. So firm is his belief, so complete is his submission to the whines of politicians, that in his state of hypnotism he has failed to realize that the laws are more and more encroaching upon his rights, more and more restricting his personal liberty.

Several generations have relied upon the panaceas set forth by fakery and the voter—endowed by boundless faith and inexhaustable credulity—is still hoping to become the recipient of those precious gifts. He is still so gullible as to place confidence in the same programs, in the same reforms.

Voters, you thick-headed fools! Are you still so witless as to believe that someone else will secure for you what you are not willing to strive for yourself? How can you rely upon that ever-weary ilk when in your own mind you readily admit that if you were in their places you wouldn't give a continental damn for the interest of the people and you would only seek your own welfare and your own particular interest?

No matter whether their cloak varied in shade—red, white and blue or tinged with scarlet—politicians will always remain either rogues or fools. Rogues, if knowingly, they make political promises that will never be kept. Fools, if they firmly believe they can be fulfilled.

Boiler, you have but to take under consideration the various complications of our social disorder, its development, its possibilities to reach this conclusion. If you study economic phenomenalism you will be convinced that no useful reform, no solitary change is possible without first transforming the economic foundation of society. In fact, all promises of reform are only a pretext advanced by said rogues in order that the worker may not turn his attention to the vital problem—that of securing the integral part of production, a result that can only be achieved by direct action policy of industrial unionism.

In New Zealand the compulsory arbitration policy has received a severe jolt. Union men are quitting individually when a decision goes against them. Devised as a "court of equity," the arbitration court has become a law forum with hair-splitters on the bench, the workmen getting the benefit of split hairs. The employers are asking for stringent laws against strikes and strikers, and the workers are organizing for the purpose of ending this miserable farce between impractical and inimical arbitrators.

It is obvious now, after this clear exemplification of the utter impossibility of reconciling the interests of masters and slaves, that the horny banded sons of * * * toll will have to rely upon themselves to seek redress for the countless wrongs perpetrated upon them for ages. Will they learn?

Let us all share in the good things of life. The following inspired sonnet entitled "The Hope" is by Wood, who avers that we Anarchists are endowed with boundless patience, and are willing to wait a millennium for the realization of our ideals. His contention, however, does not deter him from giving to the world this and other good stuff right here and now.

"Oft have I looked into the brow of night
With bitter fancy, wondering why so hard
The way, so brief the life, so dull the poor reward,
Duty so wearying and wrong so bright;
And as I looked my questioning thoughts took flight
Into resplendent space, all silver starred;
My petty self seemed feeble, chained and barred,
But man I knew would triumph in the right.
Still voyaging toward life's upper skies
Where each shall live himself, complete and free,
And each, unmocked, shall round his destiny,
And justice shall smile down with starry eyes.
For, as with right the sparkling hosts arise,
So shall there come a world we do not see."

Our press has failed to chronicle an event worthy of mention. Samuel D. Worden, after serving 17 years at Folsom prison for complicity in a train wreck, near Sacramento, during the American Railway strike in 1894, was paroled. The train was conveying a number of U. S. soldiers to quell riots at California's capitol, where the struggle was being prosecuted with much bitterness. Several soldiers and part of the scabbing train-crew perished. Worden, may not have been a radical, but we, who in the gigantic class struggle claim our share of

responsibility, and claim, above all, to possess sound understanding of social phenomena, cannot but include in our sympathies this unconscious militant, who in his own grim way sought to demonstrate, not in a platonic sense, that capitalism in the process of exploitation sometimes cannot crush every human fibre, nor can it throttle the effervescence of generous blood.

A committee of iron workers were serving upon an employer in the effort to secure an increase of wages. Being rather earnest in their contentions, the boss, of course, was vexed at their "pretensions" and became very impatient. Finally he arose from his chair, and in resolute tones, said:

"I cannot discuss this matter with you. You are too hot-headed and impractical. I can only deal with men who are cool and conservative."

"And who are the cool and conservative?" ventured, timidly, one of the committee.

"Those who never ask for anything!"

R. DUMONT.

PROVERBS OF TRAVAIL.

In the land of the blind the one-eyed is king.

Consent not, O Worker, to sit and freeze upon the door step of the rich man—nor of the great!

Let us have done with abnegation. The tyrannies of the fat few are built upon the sacrifices of the lean legions, in the hypocrite light of altar candles.

Justice, not mercy, is become the cry of the hungering world.

So long as he sticks to the actual the theologian is absurd, while in metaphysics the veriest tyro may find abundant proof that black is white.

If the truth might be known to all mankind tonight then fear would leave the bosoms of us all and the jocund dawn would look for the first time upon a liberated world.

You may love but there is nothing you should either respect or honor. Be kind to him who fares the way with you but do not hang, hat in hand, upon the convenience of any man or God.

Men, in large groups, do not evil things except as they are trained under some dictum of authority. That is the whole excuse for discipline.

If three hired men meet a snake in their path do they set upon each other and quarrel about how to kill it and so let it sting them in turn?

Blessed is the Red Defiance. It shall inherit the earth—and the machinery.

Consider, O workers! The capitalist does not enslave you nor can he for one moment keep you in subjection. He will do no battle with you nor will he sit guard at your prison door if you choose to be free. He will not defend his good stores and would you enter upon his fine estate? He does not sentinel his own portal. Shake off the subject habit and the world is yours.

Did not the future loom big with promise, and did not the rainbow of Socialism arch in glory the lowering thunder—belching clouds that have hung so long like a gloom and a pall over the race of men, then would I, as did Abraham of old, lead my toddling laughing eyed boy to the sacrificial block?

BRUCE ROGERS.

THE AGITATOR BALL IN SEATTLE.

The Bauern Ball was a huge success. The elements that go properly to make a ball successful are: First, that a sufficient gathering is assembled at the appointed place, for the purpose of enjoyment; second, that the enjoyment is forthcoming. On these two cardinal points the Second Annual Bauern Ball, given by the Agitator Group, made good. Reddings' large hall was well filled with as merry a crowd as ever gathered together. The costumed peasants were not as numerous as they should have been, but they made up in quality for the lack of numbers.

The bunch of mock officials, dressed in appropriate uniforms, presented a fine parody of capitalist officialdom.

Not the least conspicuous part of the outfit was the jail. Why should the jail not be held up as an important present-day institution for ridicule?

The jail is the most necessary adjunct of the state. Without it the state could not last a week. It might manage to limp along without the church, but the jail, never! Chief Justice Myers performed his duties well. He upheld the dignity of the law and made a record during his short term of office that would make many a capitalist judge envious.

Rabbi Bromberg was kept pretty busy at his trade and did his work well.

Annie Grosmutz made a magnificent record in the

marriage market. She was hitched up in the matrimonial harness ninety-one times, beating all competitors, and carried off the prize, which she very highly merited. For she worked very hard for the success of the ball.

The prize waltz was won by Pauline Urtan.

Some I. W. W. boys, assisted by the police, gave us an imitation of a free speech fight.

Much credit is due the comrades and fellow-workers of Seattle for the splendid time we all had, and they promise another one in the near future.

All receipts will be announced in next issue.

THE EDITOR'S DEFENCE

To Lovers of Free Speech and fair play:—

It is plainly evident that Jay Fox did not get a fair deal in his trial. The Jury was poisoned against him from the start. Many of them admitted they had been prejudiced against Home Colony by the newspaper stories inspired by the prosecutor.

If this verdict's allowed to stand, with the precedent it establishes every radical editor in the state will be at the absolute mercy of the prosecutors and may be thrown into jail at any time.

Under the law comrade Fox may be given a year in prison and fined \$1000. A similar fate hangs over the head of every editor whom the capitalist class dislikes.

Our duty in the matter is clear. We must appeal this case. The interest of free press and free speech demands it. But we cannot do it without money, and therefore appeal to you to subscribe to this fund as liberally as you can.

We make this urgent appeal in full realization of the profound truth of Comrade Fox's speech before the court, when he said:—

"Free speech is the foundation of all progress. Show me a country where there is the most tyranny and I will show you a country where there is no free speech."

The Free Speech League.

NATHAN LEVIN, Treasurer,
Home, Lakebay, Wash.

THE DEFENSE FUND.

Free Speech League Comrades—whereas the defense of our comrade, Jay Fox, is of the utmost importance to all workers in the cause, we add \$8.25 to the defense fund; and our best wishes to you in this fight against Capitalist domination. Yours for the social revolution.

GOLOS TRUDA, Russian Labor Group.

Previously acknowledged	\$128.78
Russian Labor Group N. Y. City,	8.25
Russian Progressive Circle, Brooklyn,	3.25
G. H. Lang,	1.00
Alex Lupo,	25

THE AGITATOR

Financial report of The Agitator Pub. Ass. July 1st 1911 to Jan. 1, 1912.

RECEIPTS	
Balance on hand July 1st, 1911,	\$115.52
Subscriptions and Sales,	292.50
Pamphlets,	2.35
	\$410.37

EXPENSES

Jay Fox, wages-26 weeks,	\$260.00
R. G. Faler and Co., linotype,	136.80
Standard Paper Co.,	24.15
Postage,	14.65
G. R. Reed Co., Roller,	2.00
Seattle Times,	3.00
Fare,	50
Light and fuel,	1.00
	\$442.10
Deficit,	\$31.73

RECEIPTS

Wiek, \$5; Local 437 I. W. W., \$4; Local, 327 I. W. W. \$2; Montgomery, Local 545 I. W. W., Los Angeles I. W. W., Pandit, Joint Locals I. W. W. Portland, Wunsch, Local 69, I. W. W., Strobel each \$1; Scarceriaux, \$1.25; Local 327 I. W. W. 75c. Matsiselts, Petroff, Roth, each 50c.

HENDERSON BAY ROUTE—Steamer Tyconda leaves Commercial Dock, Tacoma, for all points on Henderson Bay, including Home, week days at 2:30 p. m., returning next morning. Sunday at 8 a. m., returning same day.

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NORTH BAY ROUTE—Steamer Tyrus leaves Commercial Dock, Tacoma, for all points on North Bay every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 10 a. m., returning next morning.

LORENZ BROS., OWNERS